



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

When the ascending sap has parted with its superfluous water and carbonic acid, when under the influence of light it has absorbed carbon from the atmosphere, and when its constituents arrange themselves anew, so as to produce some or all of the substances above enumerated, its name as well as its functions cease: it has now become the descending or elaborated sap.

Let us now inquire the course which the descending sap pursues. We have stated in our last article, that if a ligature be twisted tightly round a branch of one of our common trees, the portion immediately above the ligature will become swollen, while that beneath it will retain its former thickness. If instead of a ligature we remove a circular ring of bark, the same phenomenon will take place: the part above this annular incision will swell out on every side. From this experiment we derive several important inductions. We learn from hence that this kind of sap descends, and moreover that the channel which conveys it is the *bark*.

Having ascertained the course which the elaborated sap pursues, let us now turn our attention to its *composition*. This is found to vary in different plants: thus in some, bitter principles are the chief constituents; in others, aromatic substances; in others it is principally resinous; but whatever may be the principal components, they may always be divided into two groups—namely, those which are subservient to the growth of the vegetable, and those which, becoming deposited in the different organs, confer on them those properties which entitle them to be employed as articles of medicine or aliment for animals, and by means of which different plants are in this respect distinguished from each other. The portion of the descending sap which serves for the growth of the vegetable, exudes in ordinary trees between the bark and the wood, forming a glutinous layer which separates these organs, and is the cause of the facility with which in autumn the bark can be detached from the stem: this portion is called *camhium*. In palms, and other trees of warm climates, there is no bark, and in such vegetables the nutritive part of the descending sap passes down through the centre of the stem.

The portion of elaborated sap which becomes deposited in the organs, and which varies more or less in every plant, is called the proper juice: proper vessels is the name given to the reservoirs which contain the proper juices; and according to the nature of their contents, the proper vessels are called milk-vessels, turpentine-vessels, vesicles of essential oil, &c.

In the foregoing paragraphs we have somewhat anticipated the uses of the descending sap: we have found that one portion of it is destined for the nutrition of the vegetable. Now, the same means which revealed to us the uses of the ascending sap, will also tell us how far the elaborated sap is concerned in vegetable nutrition. In the dark no sap is elaborated, and no vegetable fibre is developed. Are we not therefore justified in supposing that vegetable fibre is formed out of this elaborated sap? Again, let our readers call to their remembrance the experiment of tying a ligature around a branch: in that experiment not only does a considerable swelling take place above the ligature, but from this swollen portion cereal roots frequently protrude. These facts afford us a clue to the uses of the descending sap, for by developing vegetable fibre, it increases the thickness of the stem and the length of the roots, just as the ascending sap, by developing vegetable flesh, lengthens the stem, and enlarges the root in diameter.

T. A.

### SONNET ABOUT A NOSE.

'Tis very odd that poets should suppose  
There is no poetry about a nose,  
When plain as is the nose upon your face,  
A noseless face would lack poetic grace.  
Noses have sympathy; a lover knows  
Noses are always "*touched*," when lips are kissing;  
And who would care to kiss, where nose was missing?  
Why, what would be the fragrance of a rose,  
And where would be our mortal means of telling  
Whether a vile or wholesome odour flows  
Around us, if we owned no sense of smelling?  
I know a nose, a nose no other knows,  
'Neath starry eyes, o'er ruby lips it grows;  
Beauty is in its form, and music in its blows!

### A CHAPTER ON MEN,

BY A CUR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

SIR—In the 12th number of your Journal you have given insertion to a paper tending to involve our ancient and honourable race in considerable disrepute—I allude to an article entitled "*A Chapter on Curs, by a Man*." Every story will on investigation be found to have two sides: you have given publication to the one, and surely you will not, in justice, refuse to give your readers an opportunity of judging of the other.

I remain, Sir, your faithful servant,

AN AGED CUR.

By what means I have acquired the facility of expressing my thoughts upon paper, it is not my intention to divulge. It is true that I have made an important discovery—that I have gained possession of a secret which mankind would give worlds to possess; but I owe too little gratitude to any member of the human race to be induced to part with it. I am old: nearly fifteen winters have passed over my head since I first drew breath, and in the course of nature death cannot be far distant. My discovery shall shortly perish with me; and the same ditch or dunghill shall witness the dissolution of both.

Of my parentage I can record but little, as I remember nothing whatever of my father, and my unfortunate mother was hanged shortly after having given me birth. Alas! my recollections of her are tinged with any but pleasurable emotions, for to her I owe much of the misery with which my career has been chequered. Had she conducted herself with prudence, and been satisfied to have selected a mate from amongst the many dogs of her own degree who solicited her paw, my existence might have been passed in happy, because unnoticed obscurity. But no: stern destiny decreed that it should be otherwise, and had marked me for misfortune ere even I was born. Let not the reader start to hear me mention *destiny*: if he object to my opinions on this subject, he has a wide field open to him for reply in the pages of the daily press, which, *cur* though I be, I am, by virtue of the discovery already alluded to, in the habit of reading; and he may rely upon it I am prepared to defend every position I advance. Why should I not mention destiny? I am a rigid fatalist, and well for me that I am. What else would enable me to bear up against the scoff and scorn of man? What else would steel my feelings against the blows of stones, thrown by the hands of such cowardly insensible men as he who published the philippic against our race, which has called forth this reply? What else would console me, when the staff of the churlish boor comes across my back, or when the urchin-rout attach the terrible *kettle* to my trembling tail? What supports me under such heart-rending circumstances, save the feeling that all is fixed—that such is my sad *destiny*, against which my barking or my struggling would avail me nought? But I digress—it is facts and not feelings that it is my province to record.

My ambitious parent, infatuated with the admiration and assiduity of her numerous suitors, despised them all, and falling a victim to her vanity, suffered herself to be seduced from the paths of propriety by a designing young pointer, who threw himself in her way, and employed every artifice, until at length he induced her to elope with him from her master's comfortable farm-yard. For a while the guilty pair contrived to escape detection. My unhappy mother took up her abode under a hay-stack in the neighbourhood, and for a week or two was well and kindly treated by her gay and youthful lover, who regularly saved a portion of his daily meals for her use. After a little, however, meeting with a new and more beautiful object on whom to bestow his worthless affections, he abandoned my mother to her own resources, and from that period she saw him no more. Dreading to return to the home she had left, and being pressed with hunger, she was compelled to steal for her subsistence, and the poultry in the neighbouring homesteads visibly diminished in number; while, to crown all, my parent was brought to the straw, and became the mother of five little ones, including myself. The additional drag which the suckling of so large a family produced, increased my progenitor's rapacity four-fold, and the indulgence of it caused her destruction. One day as she lay beside us, half famished, and ready almost to devour her own offspring, a little pig chanced to pass by. My mother belonged to a fierce breed, that called the bull-terrier, and, accordingly, stimulated by the gnawings of hunger, she sprang upon the little pig, and

had well nigh silenced it for ever, when its loud squeals brought one of the farm-servants to the spot. We were discovered, the unlucky pig rescued, my mother hanged to a post in the barn, and we—thrown into the horsepond. My brothers and sisters all perished; but I, who was rather stronger than the rest, contrived to struggle to the bank, and was found there some short time afterwards by a young man belonging to the establishment, who carried me home with the intention of rearing me.

Oh, how grateful I felt to that young man, and how I blessed him for his kindness! But, alas! I knew little of the cruel race whose servants we are, or I should have preferred being left to die on the brink of the old pond. As soon as he got me home to his father's, the lad put me into a bag, and having bound me securely with many cords, took a large pair of blunt and rusty scissors, and proceeded to deprive me of my ears. Why should I weary your patience with a description of the excruciating torments I suffered! Indeed, no description could convey an adequate idea of one-tenth part of the pain I endured while my ears, and then nearly the whole of my tail, were slowly and mercilessly hacked away. As to the manner in which my tail was removed, it betrayed sufficient of the savage and bloodthirsty disposition of man, to give me a foretaste of what I might expect at his hands—my tail was actually *gnawed* asunder by his teeth!

When about nine months old, my master came home one day in a great hurry, and summoning me to attend him, left the house as abruptly as he had entered it. He bent his steps to a neighbour's, where we found a crowd of men and dogs assembled, apparently intent upon some exhilarating sport, for on their countenances much glee was depicted. In a corner of the room a long narrow box was placed, with a sliding door at one end. Wondering what it could contain, I stepped up to a young bull-dog, with whom I was acquainted, and inquired of him. "Lord! how green!" exclaimed he; "why, a *badger* to be sure; and you'll see the fun we'll have drawing him, presently;" and my friend Boxer licked his lips with the anticipation of a fight. I had not long to wait, when Boxer was called by his owner, who held him opposite to the box by the neck, while another person raised the sliding door. Boxer was then let loose; when, darting with excessive speed into the interior, a growling and struggling was heard, and in about a minute my friend reappeared, dragging forth to view a wild beast called a badger—an animal that I until now had conceived to be a very gentle, harmless creature; for I at once recognised in this badger one which I had frequently met in a neighbouring hedgerow when out by myself, and with which I had begun to form a slight acquaintance. What was the cause of this creature and Boxer being thus induced to tear each other, I could not divine. But guess my consternation, when, Boxer having been separated from his antagonist, and the latter restored to his cage, I was dragged forward, and held in front of it, while my master patted and encouraged me, saying, "Hiss, hurroo!—good dog, shake him!—hurroo!" The door was raised, and I was thrown forward towards it. As, however, I had no cause of quarrel with its friendly inmate, I did not, as my acquaintance Boxer had done, rush into the box; but, determining to investigate the cause of the recent conflict, I entered it slowly, whimpering as I put in my head, to let my acquaintance of the hedgerow know that I came as a friend. He had, however, been so enraged by the previous encounter, that he would not listen to my remonstrances, but growled forth, "Get out, you cur!" "Don't be in a passion," whimpered I; "I come as a friend." "That's a lie," replied he; "you can't be the friend of that tyrant and be mine. You are but seeking to put me off my guard;" and with this snarling answer he flew at me and seized me by the nose. This was treatment too gross to be endured, so I accordingly returned the compliment; and conceiving that I should have more room to fight on the outside, I exerted all my strength, and dragged the irascible inhabitant of the box forth to light. To my utter astonishment, however, no sooner had I re-appeared, pulling old *Grey* along with me, than I was seized, and my throat compressed so rudely as to give me considerable pain, and indeed almost to strangle me. For this inconvenience, however, I was amply repaid by the caresses of my master, and the plaudits of the company, both men and dogs. Among others, Boxer walked up to me, and growled in his usual cynical tone, "You may come to some good yet, if you'll only be quicker at your work." I did not at this time understand the human language, and I accordingly detail my impressions as they struck me then, not as

they appear to me now. After two or three more dogs had had a pull at the badger, many others refusing to face him, or running away when they felt his sharp teeth, on which occasions they were well kicked by their owners, I observed an unusual bustle, and was amazed at hearing my name and Boxer's uttered in a very loud tone. The latter at the same time approached me and said, "Tell you what, young'un, they're talking of a fight 'twixt you and me; and if so be they're in earnest, take care of yourself—that's all." "But, dear Boxer," inquired I, wagging my tail in a conciliatory manner, "why should we fight?—surely we have no cause of quarrel?" "No business of mine," answered he; "pleases my master; likes to see us bite and tear each other; great fun to him; must please him; gr-r-r." So indeed it was, and I, though scarcely more than a puppy, was pitted against the redoubted Boxer. I was very unwilling to fight; for, besides that I had no quarrel with him, I did not think I was his match, and was sure of being beaten. When he seized me, however, my spirit stirred within me, and I put forth all my strength and determination. For nearly an hour we contested. Boxer at first got the better of me, and threw me down; but after a little I discovered that his tender point was his legs; so at them I directed my attack, and, getting hold of one of them, obtained an advantage which I retained to the last; when, neither being likely to prove victorious, and neither disposed to give up, we were separated. I was dreadfully cut, and my wounds smarted me amazingly; but how terrible was my torture when my master, taking me by the neck, proceeded to wash them with a liquid of a fiery burning nature, since known to me as spirit of turpentine. This was I believe designed to stop the bleeding! Such was my initiation into what men call sport. I now found that I must live without a friend, for every strange dog my master compelled me to attack. My course was marked out. My rage was to be directed against every other animal, dog, cat, rat, badger, cow, pig, &c. except such as were the property of my owner. My occupation was henceforth to be slaughter and bloodshed, and my existence was hereafter to be devoted exclusively to violence.

In scenes such as I have described passed the first three or four years of my life. My wounds were ever open, ever painful; for no sooner had one set of cuts closed, than I was forced into a new conflict, in which they were re-opened, and I received others into the bargain. At length premature old age, the result of the hardships I had endured, came upon me, and I was no longer deemed serviceable for fighting. I now suffered less from wounds and cruelties; but being regarded as a useless member of the household, I was treated with unfeeling neglect, and receiving hardly any food at the hands of my master, was driven to seek a scanty subsistence among the bones cast out upon the dunghill; and these, with an occasional crust thrown me by a good-natured stranger, were my sole support.

My master had an aged father, who lived in the house with him, and whom the neighbours conceived to have laid by a considerable sum of money. I usually slept across the hearth in the kitchen, and was one night awakened by a cry for help in the half-choking, gurgling accents of a man under the effects of strangulation. The sounds proceeded from the old man's room. The door was open, and I darted in. The old farmer was lying half naked upon the floor: in his hand was clutched a bag, and numbers of those round yellow pieces of metal so much coveted by the human race, and called guineas, were scattered near him. A man was leaning over him, his knee upon his breast, one hand upon his throat, and the other endeavouring to drag from him the precious bag. I saw not the face of the spoiler, but perceiving only the danger of my master's old father, whom, harsh as he too had been to me, I instinctively loved, and felt it my duty to defend, I sprang upon the robber, for such I judged him, and pulled him to the ground. The old man fainted away. A gleam of moonlight at this crisis entered the casement, and disclosed to my horrified gaze, in the countenance of the robber whom I was throttling, the features of **MY MASTER**! In the suddenness of my surprise and consternation I relaxed my gripe; and the villain who had striven to rob his father, and had raised his hand against the person of his aged parent, sprang to his feet and fled. I had by this time learned to understand a little of the human language; and as the ruffian darted through the door, the word "*damnation*!" struck upon my ear.

The old man, as I have stated, had fainted. Happy for him that he had not recognised his assailant before my interference, for further opportunity of recognition he had none.

From that fit of insensibility he awoke in another and I hope a better world.

I was now an outcast—a wanderer over the face of the earth. I went forth, wretched and desponding, moralising upon the dreadful lengths to which their love of gold will lead our masters, mankind. "Oh!" thought I, "if we but take a bone from a larder-shelf to satisfy our hunger, how we are abused, sworn at, and flogged! Yet the same man who will punish us for a trifling theft, will not hesitate to wrong or murder his neighbour for a few worthless, perishable pieces of yellow metal. Oh, destiny, how I thank thee, despite my sufferings, that I was not born a man! What sordid, selfish wretches these men are! Their thoughts from morning until night are occupied with speculations intended to promote their own comfort, their own aggrandizement. The dog alone loves his master better than himself, and will lay down his life in his defence. Man is a base, selfish wretch. The dog alone honours and practises generosity uninfluenced by hope of recompense."

I soon afterwards met with another master. For a time he treated me well enough, and but for an untoward accident I might still have remained in his service. While sitting one day peaceably beholding the industry of my new master, who was a turf cutter, I heard at a distance a prodigious clamour as if of a number of dogs engaged in conflict. Being old and peaceably inclined, it occurred to me that I could not do better than hurry to the spot and exert myself to effect a reconciliation. Off therefore I set as fast as my old legs would carry me. Before, however, I arrived at the scene of riot, silence had ensued, and I was about to return, when I perceived a stout-looking man engaged in pelting with huge stones two or three wretched, half-starved looking little dogs, that were endeavouring, howling with pain, to make their escape from his cruel attack. I raised a loud barking, encouraging the dogs in our own language to get out of his way, hoping also that the noise might frighten their assailant, and induce him to desist from his barbarous amusement. I thought that I had succeeded in my design, for the ruffian ran away as fast as he could; but determined to give him a lesson, I resolved to terrify him to the utmost, and so gave chase. Of the result of this encounter I need not inform you, as you are already acquainted with it from the account of the "Man" himself, as published in the 12th number of your Journal. I have, however, in justice to my own character, to state, that it was not cowardice which prevented my biting him, and which induced me to put up with his ducking, &c, without resistance. It was not cowardice—it was the singular resemblance which he bore to my wicked master. That alone saved him from a hearty shaking. But he shall not long escape. No; I am in the daily habit of walking up and down Sackville Street, in hopes of meeting with him, when, old as I am, I shall manage to make my teeth, or rather their stumps, acquainted with his calves.

I could not, on my return to the turf bog, find my master; and as I was on the road to look for him, I met with an old beggarman, who coaxed me over to him, regaled me with a crust, and in short exhibited so kindly a disposition, that, not feeling myself bound to my late owner by similar ties which had linked my destiny with that of him who had rescued me from the horsepond, I resolved I would seek after him no further, but join company with the good-hearted old beggarman—the same, doubtless, so irreverently spoken of by the "Man" in his ill-natured paper—(oh! that I had him by the leg this moment!) I did not, however, remain long with him, for he was taken up by an overfed bloated-looking variety of his species and lodged in prison, for no fault but that involuntary one of being poor; and as I would not be permitted to share his confinement, I wandered forth, and soon met with another master.

Thus going from one to another—now feasting, now enduring the most agonizing hunger, now received with kindness, now with blows—passed away the next five or six years of my superannuated being. I longed to know what had become of my master, ruffian as he was, and my wanderings had for their object the discovery of his abode. For several years I roamed unsuccessfully: no traces of him could I perceive; his ancient haunts had all been abandoned; his former companions unvisited. At length, coming one morning into a country town, I observed an unusual bustle in the streets; great multitudes of people hurrying along; and, what surprised me most, all in one direction. Determined to see what this meant, I followed the stream, and presently came to an

open place, crowded with people of all sorts and sizes. Making my way onward amongst their feet, though not without many a bitter curse and hearty kick, I arrived at a singular wooden erection, like a signpost, with a rope hanging from it, and underneath a cart with three men in it. I uttered a yelp of joy, for in one of the three I recognised my long-lost master! To join him was of course my immediate impulse, and I accordingly sprang into the cart, but was rudely hurled out of it by one of the other men; and ere I could repeat my attempt, the vehicle moved away, the wheel passing over my body, and breaking three of my ribs. I looked again. I saw a human figure swinging in the wind—a single convulsive struggle of the legs, and all was over. It was my master—he died the same death that had been inflicted upon my mother. "Well," thought I, "I shall never again express my wonder that men should be so fond of hanging us, for I now perceive that they likewise hang one another." I was in too great pain from my broken ribs to make my way to the body of my poor master: I strove to crawl as near the post from which it was suspended as I could, and as I lay there I heard an old man say, "Ah, I knew it would be thus: he began with dog-fighting and badger-baiting—'twas but the first step to lead him to the gallows!"

After a while the body of my master was taken down, but I was not suffered to approach it. It was concealed from my sight in a long narrow box, with a black cloth over it, somewhat similar to the one from which in life he used to make me pull the badger. A hole was dug in the ground beneath the post, the box thrown into it, and the earth being shovelled in, falling heavily upon it, recalled me to a sense of my situation, and I went forth once more, a houseless wanderer and an ill-starred cur.

H. D. R.

**HORRORS OF THE SLAVE TRADE.**—Commander Castle, R.N., while on service with the preventive squadron in 1828, in command of H.M.S. Medina, captured the Spanish brig El Juan, with 407 slaves on board. It appeared that, owing to a press of sail during the chase, the El Juan had heeled so much as to alarm the negroes, who made a rush to the grating. The crew thought they were attempting to rise, and getting out their arms, they fired upon the wretched slaves through the grating, till all was quiet in the hold. When Captain Castle went on board, the negroes were brought up, one living and one dead shackled together; it was an awful scene of carnage and blood; one mass of human gore. Captain Castle said he never saw anything so horrible in his life. In the year 1831, the Black Joke and Fair Rosamond fell in with the Rapido and Regulo, two slave vessels, off the Bonny river. On perceiving the cruisers they attempted to make their escape up the river; but finding it impracticable, they ran into a creek, and commenced pitching the negroes overboard. The Fair Rosamond came up in time to save 212 slaves out of the Regulo, but before she could secure the other, she had discharged her whole human cargo into the sea. Captain Huntley, who was then in command of the Rosamond, in a letter, remarks—"The scene occasioned by the horrid conduct of the Rapido I am unable to describe; but the dreadful extent to which the human mind is capable of falling was never shown in a more painfully humiliating manner than on this occasion, when, for the mere chance of averting condemnation of property amounting to perhaps 3000*l.*, not less than 250 human beings were hurled into eternity with utter remorselessness."

**HYPOCRISY.**—Hypocrisy is, of all vices, the most hateful to man; because it combines the malice of guilt with the meanness of deception. Of all vices it is the most dangerous; because its whole machinery is constructed on treachery, through the means of confidence, on compounding virtue with vice, on making the noblest qualities of our nature minister to the most profligate purposes of our ruin. It erects a false light where it declares a beacon, and destroys by the very instrument blazoned as a security.

Cant resembles a young wife married to an ancient husband: she weds religion, looking forward to live by his death.

Printed and published every Saturday by GUNN and CAMERON, at the Office of the General Advertiser, No. 6, Church Lane, College Green, Dublin.—Agents:—R. GROOMBRIDGE, Panyer Alley, Paternoster Row, London; SIMMS and DINHAM, Exchange Street, Manchester; C. DAVIES, North John Street, Liverpool; J. DRAKE, Birmingham; SLOCOMBE & SIMMS, Leeds; FRAZER and CRAWFORD, George Street, Edinburgh; and DAVID ROBERTSON, Trongate, Glasgow.